Defective

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/31814545.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Dr. Frederick Chilton, Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Omega Verse, Omega Will Graham, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Implied Mpreg, Implied/Referenced Abuse, Implied/Referenced Torture, Attempted Sexual Assault, Sexual Assault, Mild Sexual Content, Ableist Language, Ableism, Disabled Character, Muteness, Unhealthy Relationships, Domestic Fluff, Hurt/Comfort, Revenge, Bottom Will Graham, Someone Help Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Young Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham Knows, Top Hannibal Lecter, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Alternate Universe, Character Death, Age Difference, Murder, Angst, Fluff and Angst, Angst with a Happy Ending
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Hannibal Oneshots
Stats:	Published: 2021-06-29 Words: 6,867 Chapters: 1/1

Defective

by DarklingDarling

Summary

Will Graham is an omega on the run, desperate to keep himself *out* of government hands and free from being mated against his will... but his luck soon runs out when he's captured and locked away in an omega detention centre, set to be sold to the highest bidder.

Hannibal Lector is bored, terribly, horrendously bored... until he comes face to face with his pretty new patient with a curious ability to *read* people. The only question is, can Will peel back the dark layers of Hannibal's soul— and if so, could he like what he finds?

Notes

Hiiiii 😘

Welcome, welcome, I hope you enjoy this little story ♥

Please read the tags as there may be some triggering elements for some readers~ sexual assault tag isn't between Will and Hannibal— more information in endnotes if needed xx

See the end of the work for more notes

Will swallowed heavily as he clutched the crumpled handful of money tighter, trying to push it towards the man who was shaking his head at him with an irritated sigh.

“Like I said, the price has gone up, kid, you can either pay for the suppressants or you leave and stop wasting my time.”

Will pushed forward, grabbing desperately at the beta’s navy jacket, pressing the money to his chest imploringly before he pulled back a hand and made a cutting gesture in the air.

“You want me to *half* the price–“

The man started to ask incredulously, until Will shook his head, pointing to the pocket the beta kept the suppressants. He got it in the end, his head nodding slowly in understanding and he blew out a breath.

“You want me to give you half a pill.”

He stated, his lips pursing when Will nodded his head furiously.

“Look, you seem like a good kid, but think about it, if I let you buy half a pill, what am I going to do with the other half? That just ain't good business, you get it?”

Will slumped away from him, releasing him from his hold.

It was useless, the beta wouldn’t help him, that was something Will should have known– *had known*– from the start. He had a gift for reading people, of stepping inside their heads and peering through their eyes… but from time to time, even he fell victim to *hope*.

Because that was all this had been. Unfounded and uncharted hope.

The beta blew out another long breath, scratching his stubbled chin as his eyes scanned over Will’s petite frame, lingering on his full, pink lips. He flicked his gaze back up to Will’s eyes, now hidden behind a dark fanning of long eyelashes before he rapped his knuckles against his car door and spoke.

“Listen… I don’t usually make this deal, I’ve got a mate and pups to look after, ya know? But… maybe we could work something out, between the two of us?”

He murmured, his voice drawing in a dangerously husky note as he reached out a hand and wound a grimy thick finger around one of the omega’s soft curls.

Will’s breath caught in his throat and his eyes went wide, stepping back in alarm and tripping over his own feet, landing him harshly on his backside. The man didn’t move, but his eyes grazed down over him again, something unsaid left on his tongue before he finally shook his head and stepped back, leaning against his car.

“Just an offer.”

It was said with a casual shrug, but his tone was anything *but*.

Will took in a shaky breath before he carefully pulled himself up, pocketing his money and backing away, the beta watching him leave with a sour mix of indifference and hunger.

***

Hannibal's eyes scanned over the letter with an unamused tsk before he finally folded it neatly and slipped it back in its envelope.

His Monday morning wasn't complete without some kind of request from Jack Crawford, and this time it had something to do with a silver-tongued omega that had managed to persuade two guards to help him escape. *Unsuccessfully*, of course, but it was still regarded as an impressive feat, one they apparently needed help stamping out.

It would have been somewhat impressive to Hannibal too— if he didn't *know* alphas… because he did, all too well. He knew with a tired certainty that it wasn't a difficult task for some halfway-pretty omega to whisper a few promising words to some dolt of an Alpha and have them all too eager to trip over their own knot.

His phone rang then, a simple melody he had attached to Jack's contact. It suited him, suited Jack, and that was why Hannibal had chosen it. He often did that when a new number was added to his phone, handpicking just the right tune that would fit the individual in a way that only a song truly could.

Jack's melody was slow, plucky, with enough finger dexterity for it to sound impressive, without actually requiring a lot of skill to play. Just like Jack Crawford.

Hannibal answered the call, bringing the phone to his ear before he spoke.

"Hello, *Jack*."

Jack was quick on the mark as he always was, never one to mind his pleasantries.

"Have you read my letter?"

Hannibal's eyes drifted to the envelope and answered with an unhurried ease he knew would make the other alpha itch.

"Yes, a case as unremarkable as the *last*, Jack. If you want to stop the omega from escaping again, the solution is simple. Gag him."

There was a long pause after that, a strange lapse in time that Jack usually didn't have the patience for, especially if he thought that that silence could be put to better use. That was... *interesting*.

“You didn’t read it.”

He finally sighed, leaving Hannibal to raise an eyebrow.

“Not all of it, no.”

He conceded.

“If you *had* read it, you would have known that gagging him would be pointless, Hannibal.”

Jack said, his voice a little too reproachful for his taste.

“How so?”

Another pause, and Hannibal was left suppressing a sigh. How very Jack to turn his most irritating quality against him.

“Because he cannot speak.”

***

Will dragged his eyes along the cell, not surprised to find it was the same as his last; small, white and impenetrable.

He watched the guard rotation, noting the fact that they were all betas. *This time.*

They would be a little trickier in comparison to alphas, not as simple... not easy.

Well, not *easy*, but not impossible. Betas were as simple to read as the rest, at least. They all were.

Yes, escaping for a second time wouldn’t be impossible. He would have to wait a while until his next attempt, when they were least expecting it, then he would try again… hopefully before his classification, because after that, it would be all over.

He didn’t have enough knowledge of the proceedings here to know what would exactly become of him, but he knew that no path that led out of here would be one he was eager to follow.

Before her death, his mother had managed to hide him from the authorities, casting him out on his sixteenth birthday with a backpack full of suppressants and enough money to tide him over for a year. She had taught him everything he had needed to know about passing as a beta, how to find work that didn’t need an identification number for his employment and basic survival skills that would help him to live out in the woods when times got tough.

And they had been, *horrendously* tough.

People, for the most part, were easy enough to deal with if he didn't have to spend too much time around them… but with the huge decline in omega numbers over the past few years, authorities were desperate to find any omega not yet under their *care*... it had only been a matter of time before he had been caught.

Unfortunately, his own undoing had been spurning the advances of his last suppressant dealer… and one call from him had lead Will to his untimely capture.

Now, it was just a waiting game. From what he knew, the cell he was in now was just where omegas were put pre-classification. Once his mental and physical health had been evaluated, he would either be put into a breeding program or paired up with a suitable mate— which really just meant that he would be thrown at any high ranking alpha with enough money or power to be deemed worthy of the authorities.

Will wasn't sure what happened to the omegas that weren't considered sane or healthy... but there were rumours, and his mother had had a few ideas of her own.

What was officially reported was that those omegas were— depending on their diagnosis— put with a specialist such as a psychiatrist or a doctor. If their aliments couldn't be cured, they were to be retired to a place of care and looked after for the rest of their lives.

That was, of course, *hard* to believe... and whispered stories of '*defective omegas*' being sent to government whore houses became a scary possibility.

A sudden high pitched clang vibrated against the metal bars of his cell when a lumbering beta guard smacked his nightstick against it. He sneered down at Will when he jolted back, startled wide eyes regarding the large beta in shock.

"Well, aren't you a pretty little thing."

He crooned, his bicep flexing when he dragged the stick noisily over the bars.

"Troublesome too, I hear..."

The man chuckled, grabbing for his keys to unlock the cell.

Will clutched a hand to his chest as he shrank back several steps, his mind reeling for something he could use to defend himself. The guard had timed this perfectly, right on rotation, meaning he had a good hour before the next guard came.

They would come if Will screamed... but he guessed that the beta already knew *that* wasn't something he had to worry about.

That left only one thing to do.

"I heard that you managed to lure a couple of my buddies into helping you... I wasn't sure exactly how, but now that we're up close and personal, I think I can get the picture."

He grinned, releasing a set of narrow yellow teeth, the smile of a rat.

The guard stepped forward, shutting the gate behind him before he followed Will's retreat, all too soon cornering him in the tiny cell.

He raised the nightstick, chuckling softly when Will screwed his eyes shut and pushed his back further into the wall, sucking in little panicked breaths.

"These *lips*... I could probably sin a little for these lips."

The nightstick made a steady trail up Will's body, starting at his abdomen before slowly tracing up the pale curve of his neck and finishing at his lips.

"Is *this* what you promised them?"

He asked softy, his words all sugar as he pressed the nightstick forward, forcing Will to open his mouth and allow it access.

A shadow flashed over the beta's face as he watched the stick slowly stretch open Will's mouth, the omega's eyes watering as he gagged on it.

"Fuck."

He whispered, his vicious sneer from before now replaced with a look of dazed hunger. With a swift swivel of his head to check if anyone was watching, the nightstick was quickly pulled from Will's mouth and dropped forgotten on the floor, the beta's attention now on a sniffling Will.

"You don't bite, do you gorgeous?"

The guard asked, his words coming out a little breathless as he reached down and started fiddling with his fly.

Will looked up at him, their eyes holding for a long moment before he finally dropped his head and shook it, cheeks flushing red.

"You're a sweet thing, aren't you? You gonna be sweet for me, hm?"

The beta asked, a surprisingly gentle hand cupping Will's cheek and angling his head up so that their eyes met once again.

Will nodded shyly, leaning into the hand and closing his eyes. The beta grunted, an unguarded appreciative sound that traveled up his throat and slipped through his lips. That sound was soon followed by a quick inhale when Will's fingers slid down his chest and grazed over the guard's unsheathed cock. Already hard, already waiting.

Time seemed to slow, every aching second dragging like a spoon through honey, as Will wrapped his fingers around the man's heated erection. Then, with a soft smile, Will reached his other hand down and cupped his balls... only to viciously twist them in a painful grip, sending the howling beta to his knees.

Will had to be quick after that, sliding past him with an agility that only an omega his size could muster, before he snatched up the fallen nightstick and ran to the front of his cell.

The guard's scream should have been enough to alert them down the hall that something was wrong, but he banged the nightstick over the bars anyway for good measure, cringing at the harsh sound of screeching metal.

Will had been expecting to hear a set of rushed footsteps, to see a couple of beta's running to his cell at the pained call of their fallen brother...

What he didn't expect to see, was a tall, morosely handsome older man strolling casually to the gate of his cell.

Alpha.

Will stepped back from the bars, his eyes flicking back over to the whimpering beta behind him before he regarded the man again.

The alpha's eyes caught Will's attention first. It wasn't like the colour was particularly striking— a dark brown with an underlying bleed of amber that could only really be described as the colour of wet bark, too close to the trees Will had made his home— *no*, it wasn't the colour that pulled Will's gaze... it was what was beneath those eyes, what was settled deep within.

He was having difficulty trying to determine what it could be... like staring into the sun in the hope of a peeking at what lay hidden, only to be blinded by it before ever truly looking beyond.

Will looked away— *before he too was blinded*— and glanced over the rest of him. Like his initial decree, the alpha was handsome, the same way a blade could be handsome; all elegant curves and edges, and sharp— exhilaratingly *sharp*.

"Are you hurt?"

The alpha asked, those eyes trained on him now, not even looking to the beta whose screams had turned into groaning laboured breaths.

Will shook his head slowly, cocking his head to the side as the man's words repeated in his mind.

The question wasn't out of place, the words fitting the situation seamlessly... but his tone, the way his lips curled around those words... it was *odd*.

It sounded awfully close to *curiosity*.

Will shook his head slowly again, gripping the nightstick in his hand and glancing behind him.

"I'm Dr. Hannibal Lector, I've been assigned to your case."

The alpha said, an accent colouring his words that Will still couldn't place. Will nodded, raising a hand to point to his head, then paused briefly before he dropped it lower and pointed to his chest.

The doctor smiled, just a slight twitch of his lips.

"I am a doctor of the mind, if that is what you are asking?"

Will nodded in answer, already knowing the alpha didn't need the confirmation.

"I suppose it's lucky I came to see you this afternoon. I'm glad you are ok, I assure you that this won't happen again, not under my watch."

Dr. Lector said, leaving Will to cock his head to the side again, moving his hands into the air in start of a gesture, only to pause midway when he saw there was no recognition in the alpha's eyes.

Hannibal finally pulled his eyes away from Will's, his fingers digging into his left coat pocket and pulling out a pen and a pad of paper. He pushed it through the bars and Will gingerly took it from him before he scribbled a single word.

Lucky?

When Will turned the pad around for Dr. Lector to see, he was treated with a first real glimpse of surprise from the man... and *then* he smiled.

"You believe I had something to do with this?"

He asked, the smile slipping back to the depths as he waited for Will to write again.

When Will turned the pad over for a second time, Dr. Lector stared down at it for a beat longer before he finally looked back to Will, giving the written words a voice.

"*Roots meet underground...*"

He read aloud, those eyes searching Will's own, that strange flicker of curiosity tainting his voice.

"I'm afraid I don't understand... this is some kind of quote? Or perhaps you are a budding writer of fortune cookies?"

The amusement was there, but only because it hid something below, something too heavy to rise to the surface.

Will blinked up at him for a moment, letting the colour of those eyes drift him back to the woods he had called his home... before he carefully handed back the pen and pad, cautious not to let their fingers touch.

Something shifted in the doctor's eyes then, too brief and wilted to translate and gone before Will could grasp it.

The alpha drifted his eyes over him once more, then turned his body away, calling out to the hallway.

“Can I get some assistance in cell 3 please, there appears to be a stowaway.”

Dr. Lector didn’t look at him again, but his voice dropped to a softer tone, another hidden smile twisting his words.

”Our first session starts tomorrow morning, I look forward to seeing you then, Will.”

And then he was gone, the sound of his steps soon swallowed by the coming guards.

***

Hannibal watched the two burley beta guards handcuff the omega’s delicate wrists to either side of the chair, narrowing his eyes when he watched Will flinch at the way the metal bit into his alabaster skin, marred now by deep purple bruises peeking out from long sleeves.

”Sexual harassment is not the only fireable offence in here, gentlemen.”

Hannibal said, catching the weary glances of them both.

“This patient needs the use of his hands. Un-cuff him, please.”

One of them, the shorter brunette, nodded his head, moving past his partner to undo the heavy cuffs before he followed the other beta out the door, shutting it behind them.

Finally alone, Hannibal looked at Will, his eyes drinking in the young omega like a fine wine he had only so far had the pleasure of uncorking.

He was pretty, not even in an understated way that could come off as simply endearing— no, this was a devastating beauty.

It was the kind of face that one was compelled to document— to capture in a painting, to enslave in a poem... but it was also the kind that could never be entirely immortalised— because it was not just the face, it was the way each feature moulded and twisted with every fleeting expression; the way it moved, the way it didn’t.

A face too pretty for its own good, in other words... all too often followed by the ugliness of the world— soon to be swallowed whole.

Hannibal took the large pad and pen he had gathered earlier and pushed it to Will, nodding at him to take it. Will didn’t hesitate to grab the supplies, a strange contrast to his meek appearance.

“It’s nice to see you, Will. How are you feeling today?”

Hannibal asked, stretching back in his chair as he watched the omega write, furrowed brow of concentration and all. It read,

Like a million bucks.

Hannibal smiled, taking in Will's deceptively calm exhibition.

"I have something for you—"

Hannibal said, riffling through his drawer and pulling out a book, fairly weathered, yet still in good condition considering it's age.

"The Dream Walker, by Charlotte Armstrong. Not an exceptionally grand novel but interesting enough."

Hannibal mused, delighting in the way Will's eyes tightened a little. He started to write.

My mother's favourite author, her least favourite book.

Hannibal flicked through the pages until he came to a marked passage, highlighted yellow.

"*Coincidence means only a connection that's not seen. Roots meet underground.*"

Hannibal read aloud, his lips quirking in a small smile before he closed the book and pushed it toward Will.

"It's an interesting quote, Will. Is that what you were trying to say yesterday, that what happened with the beta wasn't a coincidence?"

He asked, tapping the book absently as he waited for Will to write, sighing when he didn't.

"Perhaps you were trying to insinuate that I had something to do with the attack..."

Hannibal said slowly, continuing on when Will again refused to answer.

"As your therapist, I will never tell you what is the right or wrong way to feel, but I think it's healthy to question why you had these thoughts, Will. It's a strange accusation to throw at someone you barely just met, is it not?"

Will sat forward a little, swallowing thickly as he steadied the pad and started to write. When he finished, he seemed to think over whether he should share it or not, and Hannibal straightened his back as he waited. When Will finally turned the paper around, Hannibal's hands curled into fists under the table.

When I look at you, I get the strangest sensation of being a fish in a glass bowl. Like I'm a passing amusement for you. You tap on the glass and watch me swim away... leaving when you tire of me, coming back when you wish to do it all over again.

"A peculiar thought, Will."

Hannibal said, uncurling a fist and bringing it under his chin as he gazed at the omega.

”So, in your mind you believe that I, what, Will? Instructed that beta to enter your cell and accost you... for my own entertainment?”

Will was already writing, his hand scrawling swiftly over the page.

No. I don’t think you told him what to do... ~~I think~~

“What do you think, Will?”

Hannibal asked softly, careful to keep the sudden excitement out of his voice... careful not to show just how much he wanted to know what this boy thought.

Interesting.

Will sighed, a soft breath that escaped his slightly parted lips, the vision of it sending a strange electric current down Hannibal's spine.

Very interesting.

You wanted to see what I would do. You wanted to see my reaction.

Those words, in their subject finality set Hannibal's mind ablaze.

Thank you, Jack Crawford.

***

Will tried to repress a shiver as the alpha doctor— *a Dr. Frederick Chilton*— cupped his right pec, his rough thumb brushing over Will’s nipple and making him tense.

”Good reaction to touch, sensitive breasts...”

The doctor muttered to himself, releasing Will to quickly scrawl over the clipboard.

“That’s a good sign for breeding.”

Dr. Chilton said with a bright smile, the first time he had directed his words to Will since the first introduction.

”You are a little underweight for 19, but that’s to be expected with prolonged malnutrition.”

He patted him on the shoulder, the hand lingering just a touch longer than necessary before he moved away.

”Alright, up you get, boy.”

Dr. Chilton said, motioning for Will to stand before he fussed around with the examination table to lower the height a little, pulling out a disposable paper sheet to rest over it.

”Pants off, then over the table please.”

He ordered, pausing only to give Will a look when he didn’t move.

”C’mon boy, I don’t have all day.”

He sighed, tilting his wrist and eyeing his watch in show, as if this was nothing more than a minor inconvenience for the both of them.

Will backed himself into the corner, his arms crossed protectively over his naked chest.

”If you don’t hurry up and get on with it, I’ll have your *friendly* beta guards in here to strip you down and bend you over that table, got it? It seems like you are on great terms!”

He scowled, the sarcasm dripping from his words. Will closed his eyes, sucking in a deep breath before he shuffled back over to the examination table, not looking Chilton in the eyes as he shoved the bottom half of his red jumpsuit down past his knees and bent over.

Dr. Chilton breathed out slowly, quiet steps taking him over to the omega as the tension in the air thickened.

Will jumped when he felt the cold gloved fingers of the doctor press on the small of his back, the other hand tracing over the curve of his ass.

”You’re very aesthetically pleasing... I think you will make your future mate *very* happy.”

He murmured, his breath heavy as he moved his fingers lower, both hands meeting at the cleft of Will’s ass and gently prying him apart.

”... I think the ‘*no taking*’ thing may even be a plus.”

He chuckled breathily, a gloved finger tracing Will’s tender pucker.

Will jumped forward at that, his breath picking up harshly when Chilton pushed the dry tip against his hole, as if in warning.

“Don't make trouble for me now, I get no enjoyment out of this either,”

Yeah, right.

”—in fact, this is good for you, if I find that you’re a virgin, your price goes way up.”

He said matter-of-factly, humming to himself as he finally released the pressure of that finger and squirted a cold glob of something wet on his hole, making Will jolt forward.

”Ah yes, it’s cold, sorry about that.”

He said, his tone somewhat cheery again as he lubed up a finger and started to press forward.

Will's back arched and he sucked in a strained breath as the finger forced its way inside of him, pushing past each tight ring of muscle and carving out a place inside.

"There there, you're doing well, boy. *Virginal*, that's a nice surprise."

He said softly, the finger retreating slowly only to push back in again. Will heard the sound of pen on paper, another detail to be written on his chart, all the while the finger continued its slow fuck of his hole.

He tried to squeeze, some desperate hope that it would make the man realise that he was still knuckle deep inside of him, but all that made Chilton do was chuckle darkly.

"You enjoying this, are you, boy?"

He asked, his voice shifting lower as the finger sped up, pushing further in until he was at the second knuckle. He didn't stop there.

"Good boy..."

Dr. Chilton breathed, the noise of a zipper and then the sound of flesh against flesh pushing Will further into panic.

Will shuddered as the sounds came together in a frightening realisation of what was happening... that the doctor with his finger still up his ass... was getting himself off, slick hands rubbing up and down his own length as he continued with each racing thrust.

He came quickly with a shout, the finger stilling, curling inside of Will as Chilton moaned and sagged beside him, finally pulling out of Will with a sigh.

"Good boy. That wasn't so bad, was it? How about I talk to the guards, get them to treat you to something nice for dinner tonight, hm? My treat. Beats whatever that sludge is they call food there. Sound nice?"

He didn't wait for an answer as he walked away from Will's slumped body, pulling off his gloves to throw away before writing down a few more notes onto Will's chart.

"Dessert too, I think... *yes*, that should go down nicely."

***

"You're awfully quiet today, Will."

Hannibal said. Something that sounded like it should be a humorous line— only to be wrapped in a sheet of concern instead.

Will just shrugged his shoulders, tilting his head back so that his eyes could drift over the eggshell ceiling.

”Have you had any more trouble with the guards? Any words... any *unwanted* touches?”

Will shook his head, blinking slowly above.

“Will... this is a safe place, nothing has to leave this room.”

There was a long stretch of silence after that, and right as Hannibal went to speak again, Will finally rolled his head forward, the dark circles under his eyes somehow starker now then they were when he was first lead into the office.

Hannibal waited as Will clasped the pen, slowly scrawling across the pad with a chilled nonchalance.

He turned it over, eyes on Hannibal as he read.

How much do you think they are going to sell me for?

Hannibal looked from the paper, to Will, then back again. Before he could answer, Will brusquely scribbled another two words.

No lies.

“Will, that’s unfortunately not an answer I am privy too.”

Hannibal sighed, stretching back in his chair and regarding the omega with a weary frown.

Was that the issue then? He had found out that small detail and it derailed him?

It didn’t seem to fit though, like a deceptively workable puzzle piece that refused to slip in place. *Because it was wrong.*

”How about... we talk about what happened when you tried to escape? You got pretty far, so I hear... smuggled out by your guards in a laundry shoot?”

It didn’t exactly win a new expression from the omega, but Will started to write anyway.

Looking for tips?

Hannibal chuckled, absently brushing a finger over his knuckles as he watched Will roll his shoulders.

”You managed to not only gain their trust, but you also got them to risk their very own jobs in order to help you... that’s *quite* impressive, Will.”

Alphas are easy.

That they are.

“How did it go at the physical? It looks like Dr. Chilton has given you a clean bill of health...”

Hannibal’s words slowly drifted as he watched Will’s shoulders tense.

”Will?...”

Will flashed his teeth in an odd cross between a grimace and a smile. He wrote.

Tap, tap, tap.

It took Hannibal’s mind a second before it finally clicked.

The fish in the glass bowl.

***

Will was escorted back to his room, though—*dragged* was probably a more accurate term.

He was only in his cell for about an hour before the food cart came, carrying a scent of something delicious with it. He stood up, keeping to the back wall as instructed while the tray was slid through the slot in his gate.

They left shortly after that and Will shuffled forward, clutching the steaming tray a little too tightly and carrying it over to his bed.

He settled in, not bothering to hold with the suspense as he lifted the lid and peered inside.

Steak— overcooked and slightly charred... but steak all the same. The meal was complete with a generous lump of mash potato, honey glazed baby carrots and a drizzle of watery gravy. There was also a packet of crackers and cheese to the side and a small bowl of something chocolaty that Will could only assume was *dessert*.

The price of a finger... Will thought darkly, feeling himself clench.

***

The days went slowly after that, but the nights went fast. Will knew they were drugging his food, probably another way to placate him, keep him docile. *Keep him here.*

When he had eventually stopped eating, they sent in a special guard to *encourage* him to finish his meal. The only good sign about those visits was that they still weren’t afraid to

leave bruises... *meaning* he had more time before he would be sold— or whatever else was in store for him if Hannibal dubbed him mentally '*defective*'.

Hannibal. When did he start addressing him as that in his own thoughts? Like they were friends or something...

Maybe they were, it was hard to describe exactly what they were.

Metaphorical dance partners perhaps? Two people who enjoyed moving around each other, synchronising each step as they dipped and swirled in a strange and alluring back and forth.

He still couldn't get a hold on the man, he was always somehow just out of reach—

"Cell 3 needs to be escorted for his check-up."

A gruff voice drifted down the hall.

Will's spine straightened at those words, his chest becoming tight as he waited for the footsteps of the guard that would take him to Dr. Chilton again.

The beta guard pulled him out of his cell and guided him through the winding halls like a walking deadman being lead to the *noose*.

We he arrived at the door he was already half in a state of panic, the tips of his fingers frozen and numb.

The guard pushed him forward, reaching past him to knock on the door.

"Dr. Chilton, your 3 o'clock is here."

They we're both met with silence.

Another knock, another announcement... but yet again, no answer.

The guard, too irritated for further pleasantries, grabbed the handle and wrenched the door open, his own steps faltering when his eyes met with what was inside the silent room.

The first thing Will saw was the *blood*, and he wished that that would have been all he had seen...

He wrenched his head away, his stomach spilling out the last of his unwanted meal all over the floor.

The ringing in his ears melded with the thrumming of his heart until that was all he could hear... and his eyes, now squeezed tight and left in black... replayed over and over again, the last thing he saw.

Dr. Chilton's head on a platter— beside a generous lump of mash potato, honey glazed baby carrots and a drizzle of watery gravy.

***

“It could be helpful to talk about what you saw that day, Will... it’s been a week since the incident and you still refuse to discuss it.”

Hannibal said, clasping his hands together as he eyed the silent omega, the pad set neatly over his lap and pen still in hand, as if at any moment he would write, if only Hannibal asked the right question.

”What was done to Dr. Chilton was monstrous.”

He started, eyes catching the way Will’s jaw clenched.

“For a human-being to be desecrated in such a way...”

Hannibal let his words trail off when, for the first time in the last forty minutes, Will moved pen over paper.

Do you really believe that?

Hannibal cocked his head to the side, his eyes meeting the omega’s steady gaze.

”That it was monstrous?”

Will’s hand moved again, steady, everything so *steady*.

That he was human.

That had Hannibal’s eyebrows raising.

“As apposed to what, Will? If not human, what would he be?”

Will regarded him quietly, no challenge in his eyes as he started to write again.

Only a beast would be served on a platter.

Hannibal’s lips twitched, his clasped hands shifting closer towards his body.

“Is that what you regard him to be, Will? A beast?”

I think that’s what they want me to believe.

Hannibal leaned forward, the scent of Will drawing into his lungs.

”Who, Will?”

The killer.

Hannibal pulled back, sighing as he looked over the younger man.

”You wish me to believe that the one who took Dr. Chilton’s life and served him up like a pig on a spit... did so as a message? To you?”

Will regarded him cooly, his eyes never leaving Hannibal’s

”Will?”

I think, Dr. Lector, that you are the last person I need to convince.

As Hannibal’s eyes grazed across Will’s words, he couldn’t help the small smile that curled his lips.

“That’s a peculiar thought, Will.”

***

Will awoke with a start, his sleep addled brain trying to deal with sudden consciousness, when he heard a voice.

”I’m sorry to wake you, Will.”

Will blinked blearily into the darkness as that voice circled through his thoughts.

Hannibal?

”Our last conversation has been on my mind and it seams that I cannot leave it to rest.”

The voice was soft, carrying through the tiny cell like a lullaby.

”You said you believed the killer left a message to you... was that message just a clarification of Dr. Chilton’s species?”

Will jolted back when he felt a cool hand in his, pushing something into his grasp.

A pencil and a pad.

”What was the message, Will?”

Will tried to push himself up, tried to move his body forward... but he *couldn’t*. It was like his body had been frozen, each muscle locked into a statue of his former form. Only his hands... he could only move his *hands*.

”Its just the drug, Will, you haven’t been harmed.”

Hannibal said, a touch of amusement in his tone... a touch of worry.

Will blinked slowly up at the ceiling, his eyes finally adjusting to the dark... *only*, this wasn't his cell... and above him was no ceiling.

Will sucked in a deep breath as he gazed into the stars, mesmerised by the ocean of lights above him— a sight that he had started to lose hope he would ever see again.

"What was the message, Will?"

Hannibal asked again... something in his voice, a faraway flicker of... hope.

Hope?

Will moved his hands, the weakness in his grip making it harder to hold the pen.

The alpha above him watched, dark eyes in the night, the colour of his home.

He wrote.

It wasn't a message— it was a declaration.

There was a strange humming in the dark, a sound that Will could only assume was coming from his own mind.

"A declaration of what, Will?"

Hannibal asked. So softly. *So softly*.

Will scratched the final word onto the page, the last of his strength giving out as he let himself drift off... an ocean of lights above him.

And a *man*.

An *alpha*.

Hannibal.

As Will's hand unfurled, the paper was released from his grip, the pen rolling across the dewy grass.

One word.

Love.

***

Will leant his hand against the rough bark of a nearby tree, using it as leverage so that he could pick a few of the surrounding wild mushrooms nestled at the base.

He plucked them, then gathered them into his basket, careful not to tilt himself too forward and risk toppling over.

It was getting harder to move now, his swollen belly making even these short walks through the woods a chore. It would be time soon, and he would be finally be able to welcome his pup into the world— not the world Will had left behind, the one filled with pain and loss, and so much fear... *no*— into the world of Hannibal and Will, a world of trees and stars and their own little cottage in the woods.

Will made the slow walk back home, basket in one hand and his belly in the other. He didn't even notice now when he held his hand there, his fingers gliding over taught skin, gently trailing them up and down without even a conscious thought.

Their pup.

When he finally made it to the cottage, he found the door set slightly ajar. He stilled for a moment, his heart wrenching at the sight of it— until the scent of his mate drifted through... and a song— a *melody*, echoing through the house.

When Hannibal saw him he smiled, stepping away from the stove and pulling him into a gentle embrace. He turned him after that, angling Will around so that his back was to Hannibal's chest, arms circling around Will and resting on his belly.

"Did you have a good day, my love?"

Hannibal asked, his eyes drifting up and watching Will sign, slender fingers grazing gracefully through the air.

I slept all day again, this pup refuses to let me rest through the night.

Hannibal chuckled, pressing a kiss to Will's shoulder before butterflying more across his skin, finishing at the back of his neck— across his mating mark.

Will let out a soft breath, the closest thing to a moan he could do as he pressed his ass against Hannibal, shivering when he felt his alpha's immediate response, cock hardening swiftly.

"You are insatiable."

He growled with a grin, playfully nipping Will's nape as he pressed forward and groaned, the rumbling of his chest vibrating against Will's back.

Will's hands moved quickly through the air, trying not to rush each gesture. Hannibal had learned sign language surprisingly fast, but Will often had to remind himself that he was still a beginner.

I missed you.

Hannibal's hand came up, gently wrapping around his throat and angling his jaw to the side so that he could press more hungry kisses along it, hot tongue making a trail over his neck.

Will shivered.

"I missed you, too, mano širdis."

Hannibal whispered, nibbling at his ear.

Mano širdis... *My heart.*

Hannibal wasn't the only one learning a new language.

Will finally turned in his arms, moving forward to press a soft kiss to Hannibal's lips, his belly keeping them from pressing together as much as he would have liked.

I picked wild mushrooms.

Will signed, a flush traveling up his throat when Hannibal's hands moved to his stomach again, the alpha's lips twitching up as he looked down, half mesmerised by the sight of their growing pup.

"Mushrooms were a good idea, I'm making risotto."

Hannibal murmured, eyes still cast down, that same small smile tugging at his lips.

Will left Hannibal to his moment, letting his eyes close as the melody playing from before drifted around him.

It was beautiful, in a *haunting* kind of way... a song that stuck with you long after it was played, somehow brilliantly intricate and clever... yet in the quieter moments... strangely sweet.

Beautiful.

Will tapped Hannibal's fingers, causing him to look up for Will to sign.

This song... it's quite lovely.

Hannibal nodded, a curiously devious smile playing at his lips.

"It definitely is. The loveliest."

End Notes

... and they lived happily ever after ✨
It's kind of a strange little tale but I hope it was a fun read! This original was supposed to be a very dark story but it honestly just got away from me.

Please feel free to comment, I reply to them all ♥♥♥

TW: *Sexual assault against Will with penetration of finger, Chilton masturbates to the assault.*

My other Hannigram's:
Pretty in Porcelain
Medus

•Other omegaverse fics•

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!